

# The Star

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## Prevailing Prayer.

To pray is not to speak;  
Ye infinitely more;  
Ye speaking out our soul  
To One whom we adore.  
To pray is but to ask  
In faith for what we plead,  
And when we ask, believe  
God does supply our need.

To pray is not to make  
Our compliments to God,  
Or either flowers of speech  
And scents them abroad;  
To pray is just to feel,  
And feel just what we say,  
And then appropriate  
The things for which we pray.

To pray is just to go  
To God's abounding store  
And ask for God's own gifts.  
Just these and nothing more;  
Then, long before we ask,  
Our wants will be His care,  
And when we pray like this,  
God hears and answers prayer.

EWING.

There has been a good deal of con-  
fession lately on the necessity and  
desire of prayer, and strange as it may  
seem in this nineteenth century of grace,  
there are public prints on the one hand  
and on the other, by implication at  
least, taking the negative side of the  
question, and there are Christians,  
evangelists, and Christian teachers, so-  
called, who do not hesitate to belittle  
themselves and their calling by a very  
unsubstantiated and apologetic defence  
of prayerless living. We need not waste time  
in rebuking the pretence of prayer, and  
there is no necessity for our expatiating  
upon its efficacy. He who not only told  
us to pray, but taught us both the words  
to say and the spirit in which to say  
them, and who Himself prayed for our  
people as earnestly and as warmly as  
any man for the pious practice. It is  
sufficient for us to say that all prayer is  
necessary and none is futile provided  
the spirit of it is the Spirit of God  
Himself. If the prayer is in accordance  
with the will of God, it will not be con-  
sidered as God's purposes or God's laws  
are overruled, and prayer that is not in  
accordance with these is no prayer at all.

Today, as of old, men who are honest  
and devout reiterate the petition, "Lord,  
teach us to pray;" and to-day, as then,  
the Great Example is ready to pray in  
our hearts through us in His own words.  
But, as of old, there are kinds and  
degrees of prayer; men have not ceased  
to use vain petitions, and the lovers  
of much lip-service are as yet neither  
dead, nor all converted. We would  
be sorry to hold up one system of  
prayer against another, or to champion  
any measure as against the liturgy style.  
God's ear is not deaf in these our times,  
and wherever the heart of man is lifted up  
in humility and submission, whether in  
his own words, or in those of another, or  
in no words at all, there is still a God to  
hear, to answer, and to bless. Still there  
is no prayer which is *idle prayer*, and  
there is no man who does this fashion. Of  
all that to pray after this fashion. Of  
all the prayer there are two kinds—*one*  
of which prayer, when by praying we seek to  
know the will of God concerning ourselves,  
this, it is, and has been, and will be common  
to all men and is idle enough. For if the will  
of God concerning ourselves be good, why

should we seek to alter it? If bad, what  
need to entreat such a being at all?  
Another kind of idle prayer is praying to  
oneself to change oneself, or trying by  
prayer to excite oneself into a state, or  
frames of mind, or an experience of a  
certain description. This is common  
enough amongst both protestants, papists,  
and rationalists. Some folks, by this  
"reflex action" of prayer, tell us we can  
sell certain credits to one status. The  
temptation to believe this is great. God  
knows we all feel it. Nevertheless, we do  
not believe it. But there is a third kind  
of prayer, the only one in fact worth any-  
thing—the kind set forth in the Lord's

prayer, to be taught duty, to be disciplined into  
obedience, to be given strength of will,  
noble purpose, carelessness of self, delight  
in the will and purpose of his Father,  
would be the very prayer, supposing  
always, as we do, that Father to exist, and to  
hear, and to love, and to have prepared good  
works for us to walk in—to each man his  
own work and his education for that work.  
It seems that this is the sort of prayer to  
help a man mightily in striving to get rid  
of self-seeking, and to recover his God-  
appointed place in the order of the universe,  
and to one in that place the attainment  
the Father has given him to be used. It  
seems that such a man might look up to

given to us what we pretend to make a  
merit of giving Him. Surely such a man  
would have no difficulty in finding out  
what God intended him to do, for if he  
really believed himself a son, under a  
Father's education, he would believe every-  
thing that happened to be a part of that  
education, every opportunity of doing good,  
trivial as well as grand, a duty set him by  
his Father to do.

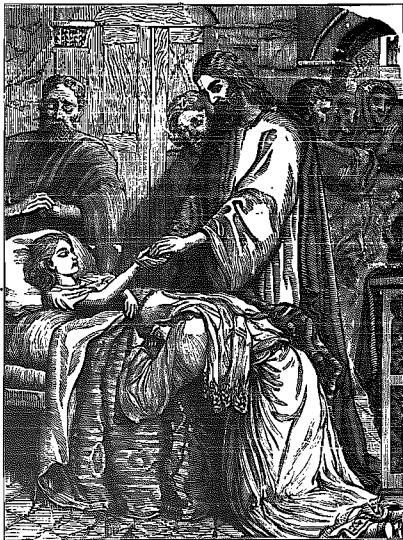
He would not be tempted to rush forth  
frantically from the place where God had  
put him to try some mighty act of self-  
sacrifice, if the thing that lay next to him  
was the digging of a sewer or the giving  
employment to a tramp, or the reclaiming  
of a harlot, he would stay where God  
had put him and try to do it, and be-  
lieve that God had given him his ability,  
or culture, or learning just as he might  
be the better able to do that part of his  
Father's business there and then, and  
no other. In all things, in short, he  
would do the thing which lay nearest him,  
believing that God had put it  
nearest to him.

A man so praying and so working  
keeping before him as his guide and  
attraction, "Our Father; hallowed be  
Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy  
will be done on earth as it is in Heaven;"  
asking for his daily bread for that pur-  
pose and no other, would find, unless we  
are much mistaken, selfishness and self-  
seeking die out of him, and active be-  
nevolence grow up in him. He would  
find trains of thought and subjects of  
enquiry which he had pursued for his  
private pleasure, not to mention past  
sorrows and falls turned unexpectedly  
to practical use for others good, and so  
discover to his delight that his Father  
had been educating him whilst he  
thought he had been educating himself.  
And while he is so working and so  
praying he would have neither leisure  
nor need to torment himself about the  
motives of his actions, or the answers to  
his prayers, or the disciplining of his  
Father's hand, but simply whatever his  
hand found to do, would do it with all  
his might, that God's name might  
be hallowed before men, and that  
His Kingdom might come, and His  
will be done on earth as it is done in  
Heaven.

This is the prayer that prevails,  
the prayer that finds no denial, because it  
is the Spirit of God within us making  
intercession with and for us. He that  
prays thus and works thus is prayer-  
motivated, for *in love and in truth*, and he  
that worketh thus prayeth best, and the  
life of such is prayer in action, and in  
such is fulfilled the injunctions, "Pray  
without ceasing," and "In everything  
give thanks."

Prayers, like morning mists, rise up  
where men himself cannot go, only to  
return again in the pure mountain stream,  
of self-renewal, to the spot whence  
they started.

"God writes straight on crooked lines;"  
and what God does, He writes on those  
crooked lines. His great precious  
thoughts are often written there. On those  
crooked lines He gives us the boldest  
illustrations of His wisdom, here we trace  
in faint characters the story of His faith-  
fulness, here He inscribes most lovingly  
the names of His love. The lines may  
be crooked, but the writing is straight; the  
course of events may be awry, but the  
grand purpose is unerringly worked out.



"All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, BELIEVING, ye shall receive."

prayer. A prayer, not that God's will in  
us or in anyone else may be altered, but  
that it may be done, and that we may be  
kept out of all evil, and delivered from all  
temptation which may prevent us doing it,  
that we may have the daily grace-bread  
given to us in body, soul and circumstances,  
and which will just enable us to do it, and not  
more. That the name of Him to whom  
we pray may be hallowed, felt to be as  
noble and as sacred as it is, and acted on  
accordingly. And that name being the  
simple name of Father, does it not seem  
that prayer of that kind—the prayer, not  
of the pious child, but of the full-grown  
or growing son of his Father; a prayer to

God and feel himself most strong when he  
was confessing his own weakness, and then  
looked down at himself and all his learning  
and saw that he was most weak when he  
was priding himself on his own strength  
—that such a man would be certain of  
having his prayer answered, because then  
indeed his will would be working with  
God's will. He would be claiming to be a  
fellow-worker with God; to be a son  
going about his Father's business—in deep  
shame and grief, no doubt, for having  
stolen God's tools so long, to use for his  
own aggrandizement, but with no silly  
notion of making a sacrifice to God by  
giving a present to Him who has already











Composed expressly for the WAR CRY.

## 1 Gethsemane.

CICERO.

"Thou'lt not in light of death."

ORDERED for the world's salvation.

He doth all its judgments bear;

It seems more than He can carry.

As alone He kneels in prayer.

CHORUS.

Watch with Me, thus pleads the Saviour.

Do not sleep and leave Me now;

Help Me bear this heavy burden.

While beneath its weight I bow.

CHORUS.

Watch with Me while I am praying.

Through this dark and dreary hour;

Ask the Father in His mercy

To sustain Me with His power.

CHORUS.

Can we dare, we stop to slumber.

Or turn from the Gethsemane?

Can we leave Him in this horror.

With the sweat drop on His brow.

CHORUS.

Do not leave him thus near Me.

Take the bitter with the sweet;

Watch and pray when you are tempted.

And you'll never know defeat.

CHORUS.

"MAC," LAMAR.

"Thou'lt not in light of death."

MY heart was very heavy.

For conscience would not rest.

I went to think that I had caused

Such pain and wretchedness.

I had listened to the story

As I often did before.

Unwilling still to yield myself

To Jesus' saving power.

CHORUS.

But Jesus pleaded gently.

"Why will you longer stay?

For he that cometh unto Me

I'll never cast away."

CHORUS.

So tenderly He whispered.

"Thou child look up and see.

This cross I bore, these thorns I wore.

Am suffered much for thee;

Oh, can you still reject My love.

What more than can I do?

A victim laid, My blood I shed.

There's pardon now for you."

CHORUS.

I had oft refused the message.

And spurned that love so free;

But oh, my eyes were opened now.

I saw 'twas all for me.

Then to the cleansing stream I came.

And plunged beneath its flow.

That stream that flowed on Calvary.

From the Saviour's wounded side.

CHORUS.

Hark! I don't you hear the angels.

As they strike the lute of gold.

Rejoicing that another soul

Is saved in thy blood.

CHORUS.

I've given myself to Jesus.

His blood now saves my soul.

His blood is flowing o'er my heart.

And oh, it cleanses now.

CHORUS.

There is a heavenly home.

Oh, sin and sin's oppression?

Oh, tell it all to Jesus now.

And He will give you rest.

CHORUS.

3 Jesus Took Me In.

GARY L. M'KANE.

"Thou'lt not in light of death."

IAR in sin I want safety.

Seeking pleasure but in vain;

Will I heed my Saviour say?

Woe's child, come home again."

CHORUS.

Woe's child of sin.

Longing to have peace within.

With a broken heart I came.

And my Saviour took me in.

Many were the wasted years.  
Vain desires filled my breast;  
Many were the bitter tears  
That I shed in search of rest.

Longing to be satisfied.  
Pleasures I oft tried, and still  
They but left an aching void  
Which would never fill.

Trop of the world's vain joys.  
Yearning for the better part.  
When I heard my Saviour's voice  
Speaking comfort to my heart.

Simmer, Jesus calls for you.  
Will you now His voice obey?  
Oh, leave a new creation.  
Then with me you can say:

CHORUS.

1 Tell It Out.

J. W. ROBERTSON, JR.

"Thou'lt not in light of death."

TELL it out amongst the people.

What the Lord has done for thee.

When you feel weak and faltering.

Tell it out, He'll help you through.

CHORUS.

Tell it out, oh, tell it out.

Jesus, suffering, wrote to hear.

Lift the cross, it is your duty.

Helping angels hover near.

CHORUS.

Some sick souls, your words may cheer.

Help them on the narrow way.

When they hear you Christ confessing.

They may also weep and pray.

CHORUS.

You may be the means of saving

Some poor wandering soul to-night;

Tell it out, no word too true.

Christ will help you to the right.

CHORUS.

When you see poor sinners sinking

Down into this awful hell.

Do not pass by without a word.

Of such glorious news to tell.

CHORUS.

Do not feel ashamed confessing

Do not trust to self at all;

Tell it out and tell it boldly.

Heavily aid is at your call.

CHORUS.

5 The Precious Fountain.

ROBERT GRAY.

"Thou'lt not in light of death."

HERE is a fountain opened wide.

That flows with precious blood.

Which flows from Jesus' risen side.

The precious Lamb of God.

CHORUS.

Oh, that blood which flows so free.

Sinner, now it flows for thee.

Flows to cleanse you from all sin.

And will make you pure within.

CHORUS.

Though far in sin you've gone astray.

And wandered from your God.

And plunged beneath its flow.

Through Jesus' precious blood.

CHORUS.

With true repentance for the past.

Come find this pardoning God.

Though hellish claims now bind you fast.

There's freedom through the blood.

CHORUS.

Then when the mighty trumpet shall sound

Which calls us all to God.

May you and I that day be found

Bleached through Jesus' blood.

CHORUS.

6 Come!!

H. CHANDLER.

"Thou'lt not in light of death."

DOOR sinners, burdened with sin.

And travelling on in sin's dark way.

Oh, turn to Jesus, He will save you.

And wash your weary sin away.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to God, Oh, come to-day.

Jesus will take your sin away.

Oh, come to God, Oh, come to-day.

Jesus will take your sin away.

CHORUS.

Though in the past you've wandered far.

And in the night you've gone astray.

My Saviour came to save you.

And He will save you, come to-day.

CHORUS.

Just now is the accepted time.  
Now is the time to turn to God.  
And He has promised in His word.  
That He will take your sin away.

**HOLINESS.**

**7 Our Resurrection Life.**

ELBERT SMITH.

"Thou'lt not in light of death."

THOU hast restored me to life—again.

Jesus my Resurrection;

To Thine own image restored again.

Oh, I want a new creation.

It was the travail of Thy blood.

Oh, to see me thus made whole.

CHORUS.

Beautiful love, wonderful love.

Wonderful love of God to me;

Beautiful love, wonderful love.

Wonderful love of God.

CHORUS.

Thou hast removed all the stumbling

stones.

That used to block up my way.

And all of the weights that dragged

Me backward every day.

And still Thou holdest me by the hand.

And leadest me to the better land.

CHORUS.

So closely art I now to thee.

That I feel Thee breathing on my ear.

A resurrection breath on me.

Thou lovest to have me.

I'm a member of Thy flesh and bones.

And Thou hast taken away the stones.

CHORUS.

The stones of stumbling my Saviour dear.

Were many upon my way.

But all in Thee they all rolled away.

Oh, how Thou lovest to have me.

Thy King's highway to glory.

Thou hast taken away the stones.

CHORUS.

8 Come and be Free.

MAJOR HODGES.

"Thou'lt not in light of death."

COME, all ye saints who would be

whole.

And come to the sin within your soul

Which dwells of great joy I bring.

Of Jesus' precious blood I sing.

CHORUS.

If whiter than the snow you'd be.

Come and have your hearts cleansed.

Come and have your hearts cleansed.

Come, come, come.

Come and have your hearts cleansed.

And be free.

CHORUS.

The things you would you cannot do.

And those you would not still do you;

In vain you strive and seek relief.

Unonly mourn your unbelief.

CHORUS.

If there a conqueror you'd be, Come, do.

There is for you a brighter lot.

For Jesus has the victory got;

And triumphed over death and hell.

Before Him Satan vanquished fell.

CHORUS.

If risen with the Lord you'd be, Come, do.

He died to cleanse from every ill.

Your sin and with Him all will fall.

And in your hearts to will and do.

Of His great pleasure, good for you.

CHORUS.

His little temple you would be, Come, do.

He died to cleanse from every ill.

Your sin and with Him all will fall.

And in your hearts to will and do.

Of His great pleasure, good for you.

CHORUS.

Come, secure your soul's salvation.

Christ your Saviour bids you "come."

Oh, come to God, He'll save you.

Glory be to God, I've come.

CHORUS.

Are you weary, tried, and tempted?

And in the night you've gone astray.

Oh, come to Him, for grace sufficient.

For your needs He will provide.

Are you weary of the pleasure  
Which the world alone can give?  
Give your heart to Him, believing  
That He will take your sin away.

**HOLINESS.**

**7 Our Resurrection Life.**

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"Thou'lt not in light of death."

THOU hast restored me to life—again.

Jesus my Resurrection;

To Thine own image restored again.

Oh, I want a new creation.

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Oh, to see me thus made whole.

CHORUS.

Beautiful love, wonderful love.

Wonderful love of God to me;

Beautiful love, wonderful love.

Wonderful love of God.

CHORUS.

Thou hast removed all the stumbling

stones.

That used to block up my way.

And all of the weights

ers, nor were they slow to  
aid.  
OAKUM PICKING.  
ing to push our way through  
snake for behind the grab  
have heard the prisoners









